ubwangalo is only possible between *contemporaries*' they must build with *contemporaries*. The rules set up *ubwangalo* in close relation to the age-village; male *contemporaries* build together, and the company of, and good fellowship with, his age-mates is what creates a man of wisdom and character. Such is the Nyakyusa view of society.

For conversation to flow merrily and discussion to be profound there must be *ifyakulyangulila*—'the wherewithal for good fellowship', that is, food and drink—and very great stress is laid on sharing these. Men and boys are supposed to eat regularly with age-mates. Traditionally, fathers and sons never ate or drank together—to do so was held to be incompatible with the respect due from son to father—and men sought the company of equals or monds. From the time a small boy begins to herd he is encouraged to bring home two or three friends to eat with him, and in turn he visits each of them. Since boys have no fields of their own until they marry, but co-operate in cultivation with their parents, it is to their own mothers they go for food, and parents are proud of a son bringing many friends. 'Perhaps', said Ingwenyelile, 'a son will come with his friends and eat a huge bunch of bananas, and take milk and eat with them. When the father comes back his wives will tell him: "Your son has eaten all the milk and eat a banana bunch!" Then he will ask: "Have many men been with my son?" "Yes!" "Eh, he's a chief!" the old man will say, smiling proudly.' And formerly if a young man came home often alone to eat, his father would beat him, or even take a spear and wound him, and when people asked why he would say: "This great fool comes alone to my place, again and again." It is good to eat with friends, for boys to go round in groups of four or five.'

After marriage each man is cooked for by his own wife, but he continues to eat with his friends, bringing them to his home or going to their's. The first wife to come to a young man's village is said to have a hard life. 'She has to draw water and cook for all the young men of the village—they come to drink, and to wash, and they beat her with a stick if she refuses them. No, the

[1] *Ubwangalo* is sometimes used with reference to relatives as well as to village-mates, as in the phrase 'ubwangalo kwesu nakulwesu kuli', meaning 'he is not on good terms with his relatives', but in its fullest sense it can only be used with reference to contemporaries.

3: Mackenzie M-9 (ca. 1925) 1925
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CHAPTER III

Konde Children

THE small Konde boy or girl stands gazing with frightened eyes at the mzungu (white man), and the little heart can be seen beating through the dark soft skin, while the breath comes and goes in rapid motion, and the tiny legs are ready to run at the first sign of a too near approach. For the white man is the bogey of the Konde child. From earliest infancy he has been taught to fear him, to regard him as a possible source of dreadful danger. "The white man will get you" is as common a threat as its parallel of the dreadful black man, with which foolish people at home inflict injury upon their children. The first impulse of a child in arms, approached in the most kindly fashion by a European, is to scream, and clasp its mother by the neck in an agony of fear. But once gain the confidence of these tiny black folks, and you find them as friendly, as delightful, as charming, as white children of the same age. Possibly the charming period comes sooner, for the Konde child begins to know good and evil at an age when the white man's child is still a mere prattler. Little black, or rather brown, folks are of a quick intelligence, ready to learn, full of

3: Mackenzie M-S (ca. 1822) 1823
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• 841 romping girl; and the musical jingle of the tiny bells that most of them wear on their ankles up till three or so is pleasant to the European, and rings with a thrilling response in the heart of the adoring mother, who sits on the ground watching the gambols of her little one.

843 The unborn child is treated with great care, and surrounded with superstitions. The mother must submit to restrictions in regard to diet, and indications of the sex of the coming child are given by the preferences she shows for particular foods. She must not eat hot food, for that would burn the child's head; nor beans, for they might cause the disease called *Ayale*. An expectant mother who drinks much milk will bear a son; if she has a great desire for fish foods, a daughter is known to be coming. A middling woman need not be surprised if her child is a boy, especially if her husband is the victim of her language. Some women will not eat rice, perhaps because it is a new food, all the possibilities of which have not yet been fully explored.

844 The worst possible place for a woman to have her child born is at her own father's house, unless it is with the consent of her husband; for every one will assume that the child has an unknown father. If an [158] expectant mother suspects her husband of sorcery she will take care to have her child born at a distance, so that it may not inherit its father's undesirable powers, these being transmissible only at close quarters, and only after birth. With heathen women, the birth, if in the daytime, takes place mostly in the open

[illegible]

357 to unite neighbours so usually herded together by their young sons; and so these boys spend all the day together for several years of their lives. This group of boys is the germ of the future age-village; it is a community with a common activity in the herding of the cattle, with a leader and with love and concern of its own.

"When we herd cows as boys," a friend of mine told me, "then a group one who is chosen by his fellows whatever he says. So we choose him, he gains his leadership and his prestige by bodily strength. For always, when we are all boys together among the cows, we vie with one another and dispute about going to turn back straying cattle or about inviting him to cook the food we have brought with us. And so we start fighting, and we go on fighting until one of us beats all his fellows completely and so becomes the leader. And then it is he who sends the others to turn back straying cattle, to fetch fire and to collect firewood. And he is greatly respected. He settles quarrels too. When we quarrel about meat or love is a particular fault, one says to another: 'You are only a child, you are.' 'I am your senior.' This is always happening and then it is the part of the one who is leader to set them to rights. We all stand round and watch and the one who has cows is proved the child."

The herd-boys of my own acquaintance, a group of eleven altogether, call on the leader visiting one another like this, boys often come results in their little community by stealing sour-milk from one another's [illegible] and biting them even for future use. And one day, when I visited the herd-boys, the leader of the herd-boys told me they had caught two boys drowning a sheep that morning so as to be able to pretend it had drowned itself by accident, and then they would have had some of the meat to eat. "We beat them very much," he told me, and he called on
• [34] of the culprits to come and exhibit his welts. The leader further explained to me that such cases would not ever be reported at home, unless the culprits themselves complained to their parents that they had been unjustly beaten. "Then," he said, "I should explain what they had done, and they would get beaten again!"

The time that is not spent in herding cows, in arranging and watching duels and in punishing wrongdoers, is spent in playing various games, ceremonially in pretend battles with neighbouring herd-boys, and in cooking and eating small amounts of food brought from home.

357 Friendships formed between members of this group sometimes last
372 a lifetime. An old man once said to me of a friend of his who had died: "We herded cows together when we were boys."